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JULY No. 12

10¢
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JACK ARMSTRONG

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CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER



JACK ARMSTRONG

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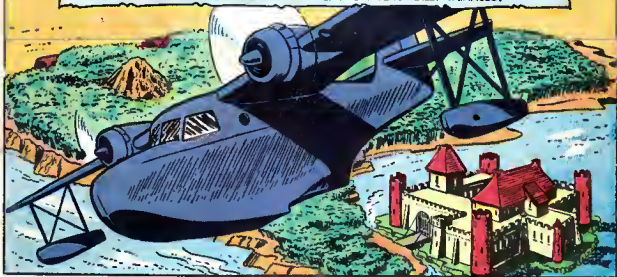
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A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

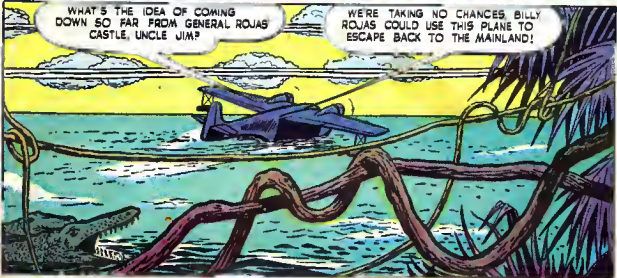
MADMAN'S ISLAND

A MEDIEVAL CASTLE ON A JUNGLE ISLAND ... THIS IS THE WEIRD DESTINATION OF UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD'S DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT! FOR HERE, A MURDEROUS FANATIC PLOTS WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER—A REPETITION OF THE CRIMES FOR WHICH HE HAS BEEN EXILED TO MADMAN'S ISLAND! TO THWART THE PLANS OF THE MAD CRIMINAL, UNCLE JIM HAS ENLISTED THE KEEN WITS AND WHIPLIKE STRENGTH OF JACK ARMSTRONG ... AND JACK'S FRIEND BILLY FAIRFIELD.



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING DOWN SO FAR FROM GENERAL ROJAS CASTLE, UNCLE JIM?

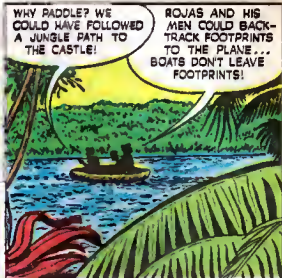
WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES, BILLY. ROJAS COULD USE THIS PLANE TO ESCAPE BACK TO THE MAINLAND!





WHEW! HIDING THE PLANE IS NOT WORK!

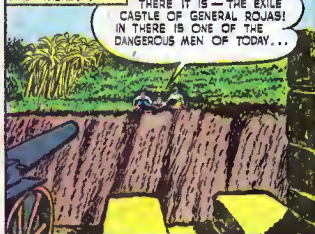
I'D RATHER DO THIS THAN SWIM BACK TO AMERICA... AND THAT'S WHAT WE'D HAVE TO DO IF THE GENERAL FOUND IT!



WHY PADDLE? WE COULD HAVE FOLLOWED A JUNGLE PATH TO THE CASTLE!

ROJAS AND HIS MEN COULD BACK-TRACK FOOTPRINTS TO THE PLANE... BOATS DON'T LEAVE FOOTPRINTS!

ABANDONING THE BOAT, THE TRIO PUSH THROUGH THE HOT AND HUMID JUNGLE TO A HILLTOP AND THERE...



THERE IT IS — THE EXILE CASTLE OF GENERAL ROJAS! IN THERE IS ONE OF THE DANGEROUS MEN OF TODAY...

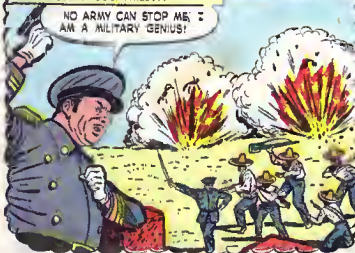
"AS COMMANDER OF A SOUTH AMERICAN ARMY, ROJAS HAD ONLY ONE GOAL."

GENERAL, YOU MUST CALL OFF THIS MAD MILITARY CAMPAIGN!



NEVER! HISTORY WILL REMEMBER XAVIER ROJAS AS THE SECOND NAPOLEON — AND I CAN ACCOMPLISH THAT ONLY BY WAR!

"GENERAL ROJAS UNLEASHED SAVAGE ATTACKS ON NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES..."



NO ARMY CAN STOP ME; I AM A MILITARY GENIUS!

"MILITARY GENIUS ROJAS MAY HAVE BEEN, FOR HE NEVER LOST A BATTLE. BUT HIS BRUTAL CAMPAIGNS BROUGHT ONLY SUFFERING TO THE PEOPLE..."



FOOD!

NOBODY HAS FOOD ANY MORE!

HOW DID ROJAS WIND UP IN EXILE ON MADMAN'S ISLAND, MR. FAIRFIELD?

THERE ARE ALWAYS PATRIOTS LEFT—NO MATTER HOW MANY A MONSTER LIKE ROJAS MAY EXECUTE. JACK, SOME OF THEM MANAGED TO GET INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

...AND ONE NIGHT, WHEN ROJAS WAS BEING GIVEN A HUGE BANQUET...

THE SLEEPING DRUG—NOT THE POISON!

YOU ARE RIGHT! DEATH WOULD MAKE HIM A MARTYR

...AN HOUR LATER, GENERAL ROJAS WAS UNCONSCIOUS AND ON HIS WAY TOWARD JUSTICE!

WE WILL TAKE HIM TO PAN-AMERICAN HEAD-QUARTERS.

SI!! THE COURT WILL PUT HIM WHERE HE CAN DO NO MORE HARM!

...THE SENTENCE WAS...

...EXILE TO MADMAN'S ISLAND! YOU WILL LIVE OUT YOUR LIFE IN ISOLATION, WITH THOSE OF YOUR FANATICAL SOLDIERS WHO WISH TO FOLLOW YOU!

THE WORLD WILL HEAR OF GENERAL XAVIER ROJAS AGAIN!

A YEAR IN EXILE, AND RUMORS BEGAN TO FLY... ROJAS WAS PLOTTING TO RETURN! THE CHIEF CALLED ME IN...

WE CAN'T HAVE ROJAS RUNNING LOOSE—IT MEANS BLOODSHED! BUT NEITHER CAN WE INTERFERE OFFICIALLY!

I UNDERSTAND. I'LL DROP IN ON THE ISLAND "ACCIDENTALLY" AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN...MOTOR TROUBLE... FORCED LANDING!

MY JOB IS TO GET A CLOSE LOOK AT ROJAS' ACTIVITIES AND SEE WHETHER HE INTENDS STARTING ANOTHER CAMPAIGN!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL GET A VERY CLOSE LOOK—HERE COME SOME SOLDIERS!

VICIOUS, MURDEROUS FACES DRAW NEAR...THE
FACES OF PROFESSIONAL KILLERS!



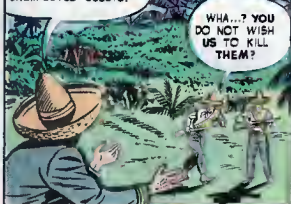
WHICH DO YOU LIKE
BETTER, JACK—GETTING
SHOT OR BEING EATEN!

NEITHER...BUT I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE CAN DO
ABOUT IT!



SUDDENLY...

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!
THIS IS NOT SHOWING
HOSPITALITY TO
UNEXPECTED GUESTS!



I HEARD YOUR AIRPLANE
MOTOR COUGHING AND
KNEW YOU WERE IN
TROUBLE. ALLOW ME
THE HONOR OF
ENTERTAINING YOU...
UNTIL THE PLANE
IS FIXED.

I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T
BE—IT CRASHED INTO
THE RIVER!

HE'S BEING A
LITTLE TOO
NICE!



NOR ARE JACK'S SUSPICIONS UNWARRANTED! FOR...

WHY DO YOU SPARE THEM,
GENERAL? YOU KNOW
WHO THEY ARE!

OF COURSE! THE OLDER
ONE IS JIM FAIRFIELD—
I'M SURE HE HAS BEEN SENT
TO WRECK MY PLANS TO
RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY!

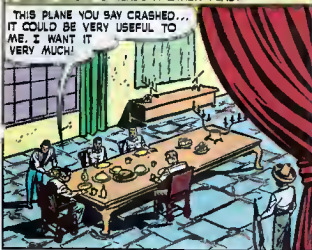


I DO NOT LIKE MEDDLERS...AND I LIKE
EVEN LESS ANYONE WHO TRIES TO INTERFERE
WITH MY PLANS! THE THREE AMERICANS WILL
DIE...BUT THEY WILL DIE SLOWLY AND
AMUSINGLY, NOT QUICKLY—
AS YOU WOULD DO IT!



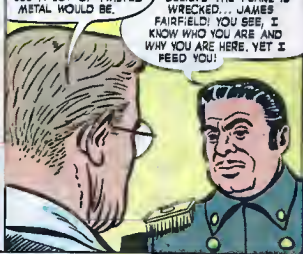
IN THE HUGE BANQUET HALL OF THE GRIM CASTLE, GENERAL ROJAS SPREADS A LAVISH FEAST

THIS PLANE YOU SAY CRASHED... IT COULD BE VERY USEFUL TO ME. I WANT IT VERY MUCH!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT USE A LOT OF TWISTED METAL WOULD BE.

I DO NOT CHOOSE TO BELIEVE THE PLANE IS WRECKED... JAMES FAIRFIELD! YOU SEE, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU ARE HERE. YET I FEED YOU!



...BECAUSE I AM PLANNING TO LEAD MY ARMY AGAIN! SO I WILL USE YOU AS GUERRILLAS HERE ON MADMAN'S ISLAND... AND MY ARMY WILL HUNT YOU! IT WILL BE AMUSING AND PROFITABLE FOR MY MEN!

YOU'RE INSANE!



AM I, MR. FAIRFIELD? HUNTING YOUR BOYS IN THE JUNGLE WILL TEACH ME MUCH ABOUT FIGHTING GUERRILLAS... AND I EXPECT TO MAKE IT UNPLEASANT FOR THEM!

SURROUND THEM!



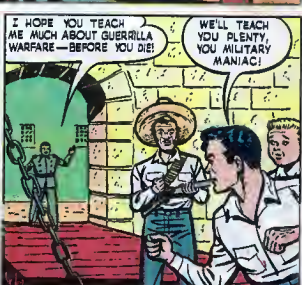
...SO UNPLEASANT THAT THEY WILL LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THE AIRPLANE YOU HID IN THE JUNGLE! AND YOU, I SHALL KEEP HOSTAGE—TO MAKE SURE THEY DO NOT FLY OFF THE ISLAND!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BOYS! GET AWAY AND WARN THE AUTHORITIES!



I HOPE YOU TEACH ME MUCH ABOUT GUERRILLA WARFARE—BEFORE YOU DIE!

WE'LL TEACH YOU PLENTY, YOU MILITARY MANIAC!



TERRIFIED, BILLY FAIRFIELD RACES THROUGH THE JUNGLE PATHS

GOTTA GET AWAY (PUFF) AS FAR AS WE CAN!

ON AN ISLAND, BILLY? CAN'T BE DONE! TAKE IT EASY AND LET'S USE OUR HEADS!



MEANWHILE GENERAL ROJAS PLANS HIS CAMPAIGN WITH BRUTAL EFFICIENCY.

FIRST WE SEND OUT PATROLS TO LOCATE THE ENEMY. WE USE OUR MEN IN SHIFTS—GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO REST. BUT THE ENEMY MUST BE MADE EXHAUSTED!



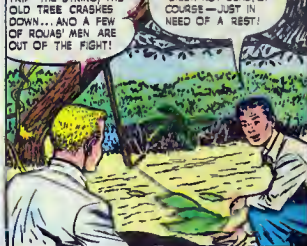
ARE YOU KIDDING, JACK? WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO SCUFF UP THE TRAIL?

SO THEY'RE SURE TO FIND US!



I GET IT NOW! THEY TRIP THE STRING, THE OLD TREE CRASHES DOWN... AND A FEW OF ROJAS' MEN ARE OUT OF THE FIGHT!

THAT'S THE IDEA, BILLY. NOT DEAD, OF COURSE—JUST IN NEED OF A REST!



PRESENTLY...

IT WORKED JACK!

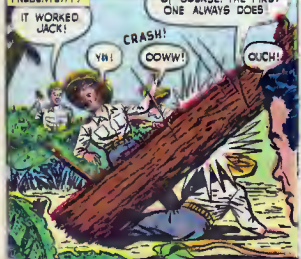
OF COURSE, THE FIRST ONE ALWAYS DOES

CRASH!

YH!

OWW!

OUCH!



WHEN THE WOUNDED RETURN TO THE CASTLE...

THE TWO AMERICANOS ARE WORTHY ENEMIES—THEY WILL GIVE US VALUABLE LESSONS BEFORE WE KILL THEM. BEWARE OF TRICKERY!



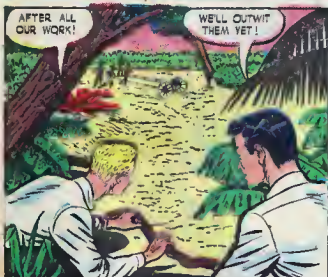
AT ORDNANCE, GENERAL ROJAS QUICKLY DESIGNS A NEW WEAPON...

VERY GOOD, MEN! THIS CRUDE VERSION OF THE BRITISH 'DUSTBIN' WILL SET OFF ANY TRAPS THE AMERICANOS BUILD FOR US!



AFTER ALL OUR WORK!

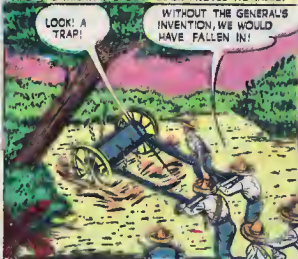
WE'LL OUTWIT THEM YET!



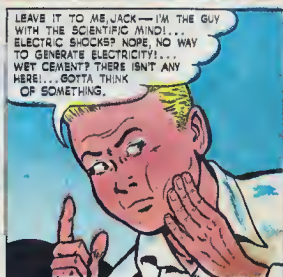
AND THE MILITARY GADGET SOON PROVES ITS VALUE!

LOOK! A TRAP!

WITHOUT THE GENERAL'S INVENTION, WE WOULD HAVE FALLEN IN!

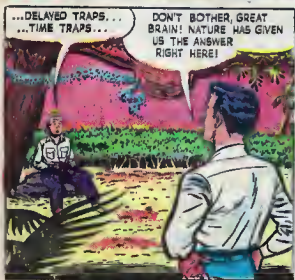


LEAVE IT TO ME, JACK—I'M THE GUY WITH THE SCIENTIFIC MIND!... ELECTRIC SHOCKS? NOPE, NO WAY TO GENERATE ELECTRICITY!... WET CEMENT? THERE ISN'T ANY HERE!... GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING.



...DELAYED TRAPS...
...TIME TRAPS...

DON'T BOTHER, GREAT BRAIN! NATURE HAS GIVEN US THE ANSWER RIGHT HERE!

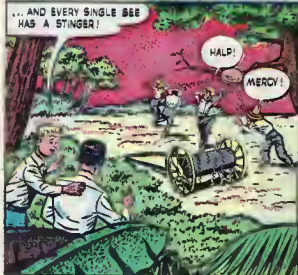


DON'T EVEN BREATHE, BILLY!

HOW'M I GONNA KEEP MY KNEES FROM KNOCKING? THERE MUST BE AT LEAST FIVE BILLION BEES IN THIS SWARM!



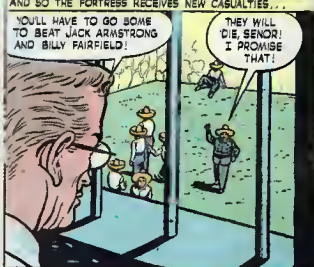
... AND EVERY SINGLE BEE
HAS A STINGER!



AND SO THE FORTRESS RECEIVES NEW CASUALTIES...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME
TO BEAT JACK ARMSTRONG
AND BILLY FAIRFIELD!

THEY WILL
DIE, SENOR!
I PROMISE
THAT!



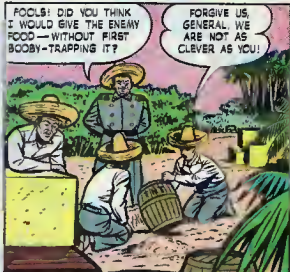
THE POOR AMERICANOS MUST
BE HUNGRY AND THIRSTY! WE
WILL GIVE THEM FOOD!

FOOD, GENERAL?
TO THE ENEMY?



FOOLS! DID YOU THINK
I WOULD GIVE THE ENEMY
FOOD—WITHOUT FIRST
BOOBY-TRAPPING IT?

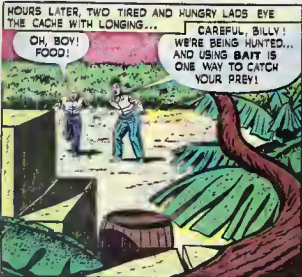
FORGIVE US,
GENERAL. WE
ARE NOT AS
CLEVER AS YOU!



HOURS LATER, TWO TIRED AND HUNGRY LADS EYE
THE CACHE WITH LONGING...

OH, BOY!
FOOD!

CAREFUL, BILLY!
WE'RE BEING HUNTED...
AND USING BAIT IS
ONE WAY TO CATCH
YOUR PREY!



MOVING WARILY, JACK ATTACHES A LONG VINE TO
THE TEMPTING SUPPLIES.

I SURE HOPE THIS DOESN'T
PROVE ANYTHING! I'M STARVING!



BUT WHEN JACK PULLS THE VINE...

THERE GOES
MY MEAL!

LUCKY WE DIDN'T GO
ALONG WITH IT!

BANG!

THEY SET OFF
THE GENERAL'S
BOOBY TRAP!

GET THEM!

MAYBE THEY
ARE ONLY
INJURED!

SUDDENLY...

I ADDED A FEW
TRIP-WIRE VINES!

THAT'S TURNING
THEIR TRAP AGAINST
THEM!

SPLAT!

BANG!

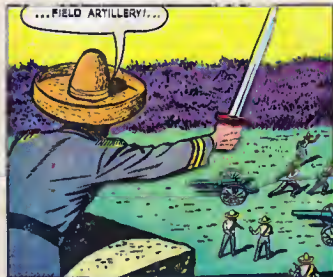
FEARFUL OF THE GENERAL'S RAGE, THE "WOUNDED"
SLINK BACK TO THE STRONGHOLD...

IDIOTS! YOU WALKED
RIGHT INTO OUR OWN
TRAP! YOU FOOLS!

THE AMERICANOS
ARE TOO SMART
FOR US, GENERAL!

THE IDIOT IS RIGHT...THESE TWO
BOYS ARE TOO SMART FOR MY
PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS! IN
GUERRILLA WARFARE, THAT IS!...
BUT LET US SEE HOW THEY
TRICK FULL-SCALE WARFARE!

...MY ENTIRE ISLAND
ARMY!...



HOUNDED, ALL ESCAPE CUT OFF, THE HUNTED PAIR STUMBLE EXHAUSTEDLY BEFORE THE PURSUING FORCES...

CAN'T GO ON, JACK!...
LET'S GET PLANE...
FLY OFF...

NOT WITHOUT...
UNCLE JIM! ROJAS
WOULD...KILL HIM...
I HAVE A PLAN!



YOU WANT US TO GO INSIDE THAT CAVE JACK? WE'D BE TRAPPED! AND WHAT ARE THESE BANANA LEAVES FOR?

YOU'LL SEE LATER! RIGHT NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST MY JUDGEMENT!



MOMENTS LATER...

THE TWO AMERICANOS ARE IN THE CAVE!

THEY ARE TRAPPED!



SWIFTLY, THE ARTILLERY IS WHEELED UP TO FACE THE CAVE! AND THEN...



BUT THE QUARRY IS NOT IN THE CAVE! JACK'S STRATEGY HAS WORKED...

TERRIFIC, JACK! WE WRAP BANANA LEAVES AROUND OUR FEET...WALK AWAY FROM THE CAVE...AND THE DOGS CAN'T FOLLOW THE SCENT!

RIGHT! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



A SHORT SWIM AROUND THE ATTACKING FORCES... THEN BACK THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO...

GIVE ME TEN MINUTES, BILLY, THEN COME OUT UNDER THAT TREE...AND SURRENDER!

OKAY!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HEY, YOU GUYS! I SURRENDER!

CAREFUL! THESE AMERICANOS ARE FULL OF TRICKS!



THE DARK BOY SHOULD BE WITH HIM!

HE MIGHT BE HIDING IN AMBUSH!



ABRUPTLY... AN AERIAL BOMBARDMENT!

AAHH!

OOOFFF!



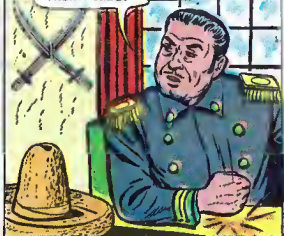
AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS...

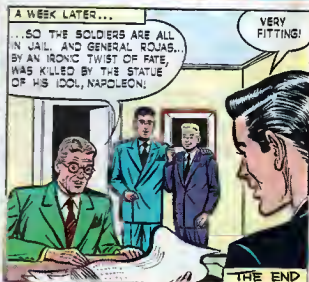
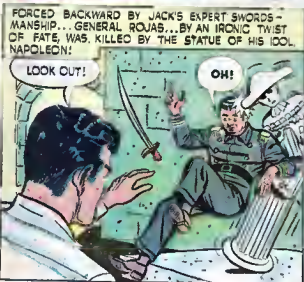
I...I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE!

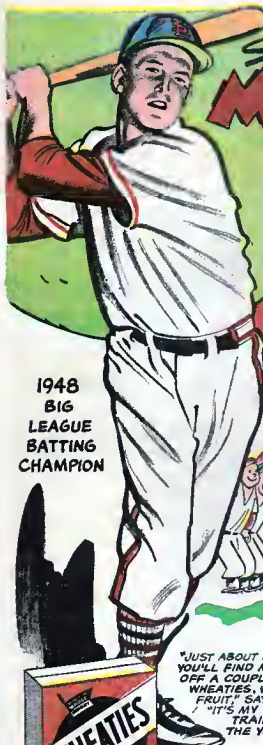
NEITHER DID ROJAS, MR. FAIRFIELD... AND HE'S GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE COMING!



WHERE IS MY AIDE? WHY DON'T I GET COMMUNIQUE'S FROM THE FRONT! AIDE!







Stan MUSIAL

1948
BIG
LEAGUE
BATTING
CHAMPION

I COULDN'T EVEN
GET HIM OUT WITH
THIS!

OPPOSING
PITCHERS SAY STAN "CAN'T BE FOOLED -
HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING
.376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST
IN NATIONAL LEAGUE
SINCE 1935.

MUSIAL
JUST BATTED
ANOTHER PITCHER
OUT OF THE
BOX!

MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST
HEADACHE TO PITCHERS
WITH RUNNERS ON BASE.
DONORA, PA. "DYNAMITER"
DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON
WITH 250 HITS.

YEAH,
STAN EATS
WHEATIES

HEY, YA
DROPPED
ONE!

THAT'S OKAY - I STILL
GOT MY WHEATIES!

SLUGGING ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON
EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME
RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-
TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)

FOUR BOWLS
OF WHEATIES?

YUP - WE'VE GOT
A DOUBLEHEADER
TODAY!

"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING
YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING
OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF
WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND
FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL.
"IT'S MY FAVORITE
TRAINING OISH -
THE YEAR AROUND."



BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

The Ship was empty
except for some

Deadly Cargo

by BRUCE ELLIOTT

THE dirty trading schooner with its load of ill-smelling copra luffed toward the shore. The breeze too was coming inshore. Ben Barry pushed his battered toupee onto the back of his head and eyed the boat.

He'd seen many strange sights since he'd left the colder latitudes but this was the strangest. There was no sign of life on the schooner. Not a sound came from it. Ben waited, his eyes slanted against the assault of the tropical sun. Still nothing. Not a native on deck, not a sign of a captain. There was going to be trouble, that was a sure thing. The reefs just off shore were as inviting as shark's teeth and just as deadly.

Ben pushed his toe into the bulk of Little Boh. Bob snorted in his sleep and said muggily, "Huh? Can't you let a man take a nap? It's too hot to talk."

"Wake up, Little Boh. We may have to help."

Grunting and complaining, Little Boh rolled over and looked at the schooner. "She's a goner." He rubbed his eyes and said, "She's not the first one I've seen run up on that reef."

"Maybe, maybe not." Ben ran toward a native canoe that was lying on its side on the beach. "Hurry up."

Boh followed at a more leisurely pace. He was stout and was fond of pointing out that the only way a fat man could live in the tropics was by not moving at all. However, if it was necessary to move, he made it a point to move slowly.

In the canoe the two men worked hard. It wasn't easy to buck the rolling waves that broke just off shore. The schooner was just ahead. A rope ladder hung disconsolately off the deck of the boat. Boh said, "Hold the canoe

still and I'll grab the ladder."

"You're just asking for trouble, Ben." Bob shook his head. "I don't like the looks of this. For all we know there may have been a mutiny. The natives may be hiding, waiting for us to come aboard. Or . . . maybe there's disease on board."

"Don't be silly," Ben snapped as he made his way up the rope ladder. "She isn't flying any distress signals." He was almost on a level with the deck. He called down. "There's probably some good reason for all this. Abandon the canoe and come on up. We may still be able to save the schooner."

Without looking down to see if his friend was following, Ben vaulted onto the deck. The copra gave off a smell that was almost overpowering this close.

There was no sign of violence on the deck. Ben looked around him. Not only was there no sign of violence, there was no sign of life! Bob landed noisily on the deck behind him. The sudden sound made Ben jump.

"There's something uncanny about all this," Little Boh said as he looked around him uneasily. "Did you look down the companionway?"

"No," Ben walked toward the door that led to the hold. "I don't hear a sound . . ."

With Ben at the door, Little Boh at his heels, the men paused, ears attuned. Not a sound from below deck. A vagrant breeze stirred a line and the sound was like a pistol shot. Outside of that, and the soft patting sound of the water against the hull, there was aching silence.

Ben went down the steps. Little Boh followed like a shadow. Ahead of them a single light flickered eerily. They looked into the fore-

castle. Silent men sat there: Natives, their brown skin shining as the light touched it. But . . . they were dead. In the center of the circle of dead men there was a chest. A dark-brown wooden chest. A chisel lay nearby on the battered, broken chest top which had been wrenched from its hinges.

Little Boh said, "Ben, what's in the chest?"

"Nothing. Not a thing."

"Whatever was in it must have had some connection with all this. Do you think there was money . . . or treasure in the chest and that the men mutinied in order to try and get it?" Little Boh hazarded.

"Could be." Ben looked thoughtfully at the chest. "But if that's the case they would have killed the captain first . . . and if he's dead . . . who or what killed them? There's only one white man on a boat like this, the master."

Little Boh edged uneasily away from the chest. "Let's go look for him."

They made their way silently toward the captain's quarters. Ben broke the silence. "I read about a case like this one time. A ship, the Marie Celeste, came into New York harbor. When she was examined there was food on the table, hot soup in plates that had never been touched . . . but there was no sign of the crew or the captain . . . there never was a solution to that! They read the captain's log and the last entry was that the voyage had been uneventful."

"Well," Little Boh said, "at least we found some men even though they are dead."

They stared at the door in front of them. It was locked. Ben said, "I can't move the door. It seems to be locked on the inside!"



"Gee . . ." Little Boh said. "Could the captain have gone mad, killed the crew somehow and then . . . killed himself?"

"I don't know, there's not a mark on those natives. Come, Little Boh, let's use some of that weight you carry around with you."

The two men joined forces and slammed their shoulders at the door. It creaked but held. "Once more," Ben said. "This time should do it."

Under their combined weights the door gave. It held for a last second and then gave so suddenly it catapulted both of them into the room.

When they had caught their balance they stood stock-still. They had found the captain. The only trouble was that he too was dead. They had found another chest too. This one was smaller than the one they had found in

the forecabin. But it too was open and empty . . .

Little Boh said, "Ben, I want to get out of here. Come on! Whatever was in that chest isn't any more!" He looked at the portholes. They were bolted on the inside. He said, "Ben . . . come on . . . don't you see? Whatever it was that came out of that chest killed the captain . . . and since it couldn't get out the porthole . . . or out through that locked door, it must still be here. It may be a snake . . . or . . . I don't know what. All I know is I want to get away from here."

A slamming, jarring shock cut the words off in his throat. He looked wildly at Ben. "We . . . we forgot the reef! We got so worried about this mystery that we've piled on the reef!"

With the schooner battered by shocks, Ben stood his ground. A worried frown creased his fore-

head. He said, "The captain hasn't been dead long . . . not as long as the crew. I wonder . . ." He put his hand out to the mysterious chest. Little Boh grabbed his hand and tried to prevent him from touching, but he was too late. Ben said, "Cold . . . the chest is very cold!"

He turned and raced after Little Boh who was making his way to the deck. Three seconds later they dove from the rail. The schooner was shuddering as though every movement would be her last.

In the water they swam as fast as they could. It was touch and go as to whether they could get far enough away from the sinking schooner in time . . . so that the vessel wouldn't take them down with her.

Ten minutes later they were on shore. Little Boh was green with fear. "Ben . . . what was it? What killed all those men? And why? Could it have been some kind of evil ghost?"

"It was evil all right, But men's evil. If we hadn't gone to the schooner some men might have made a fortune. But we can put a crimp in their plan when we tell our story to the authorities! Little Boh . . . the owners of that vessel must have insured her for more than she was worth. Then they put those two chests on board. We'll never know what story they told but it was enough to make the captain and the crew curious. They opened the chests . . . The crew in their crowded forecabin with no air . . . the captain in his tightly sealed cabin . . . and death came out and claimed them!"

"But what could it be that killed without leaving a mark and then vanished?"

"I can only think of one thing . . . and the chest being cold tipped me off! Dry ice . . . which is frozen carbon dioxide! It dissolved and deprived them of oxygen and so they died . . ."

Even in the heat of tropical noon, Little Boh shivered. He said, "They came close to getting away with murder. There might have been another sea mystery like the Maria Celeste to worry about! That is, if it hadn't been for you!"

Famous ATHLETIC KIDZ

LOUISE

SUGGS

RATED AS ONE
OF THE BEST
WOMEN
GOLFERS

IN AMERICA
IS THE DAUGHTER
OF JOHNNY SUGGS,
A FORMER PITCHER
FOR THE ATLANTA
CRACKERS
BASEBALL
TEAM

ALSO
WON
THE
BRITISH
AMATEUR
TITLE
1948

LOUISE WON
THE WOMEN'S
NATIONAL
AMATEUR
CROWN
IN 1947 AND 48

JOHNNY SUGGS
PLAYED BALL
IN THE 20'S ...
HAD A NO-HITTER

DOUG and MAX

BENTLEY

FAMOUS
BROTHER
FORWARD
TEAM
OF
BIG-LEAGUE
ICE HOCKEY

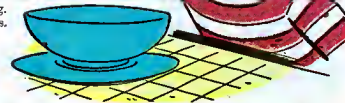
FOUR OTHER
BENTLEY
BROTHERS
ARE
HOCKEY
STARS

THEY HAIL
FROM
SASKATCHEWAN,
CANADA





Easy cooking, Mom! Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup cooks in 5 minutes. No fussy fixing with the Vegetable Noodle Soup. Both swell tasting. Thrifty, too. Get Betty Crocker Soup Ingredients. Make school days Betty Crocker Soup Days!



Look! Beautiful silverware just for coupons from Betty Crocker Soups, plus cost of handling, mailing. Queen Best pattern. Famous Tudor Plate by Onaida Community. Start building a set now. It's easy!

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108 MPH ON A BIKE!

ALFRED LETOURNER

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PEDAL POINTERS

TO GET BEST RESULTS WITH LEAST EFFORT ON YOUR BIKE - 1. PEDAL WITH THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET. 2. KEEP YOUR KNEES IN. 3. LEAN SLIGHTLY FORWARD.



RIDING DOUBLE THIS WAY WILL ALMOST SURELY RESULT IN DOUBLE TROUBLE SOMEDAY, AND REMEMBER - STAY ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE ROAD!

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

THE TERROR OF TOMASO SEA

A STRANGE AND UNCANNY HORROR SHROUDS THE OBSCURE MEXICAN SEAPORT OF TOMASO LIKE A VEIL OF DOOM. THE FISH DRIFT LIFELESSLY UPON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA... FISHERMEN MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEAR... AND THE TOWN SHUTS ITS DOORS, WITHDRAWING FROM THE OUTSIDE LIKE A FRIGHTENED TORTOISE.



HEY, DRIVER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH OUR LUGGAGE? I SAID I WANTED TO GO TO TOMASO...AND YOU SAY IT'S TEN MILES AWAY!

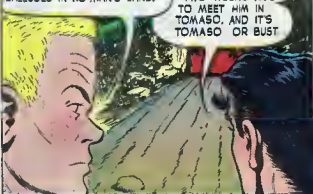
TOMASO IS CURSED SENOR! I GO NO FURTHER!

IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PAY YOU ANYTHING UNLESS YOU...

HEY YOU WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK JACK, HE'S LEAVING!

THAT'S GREAT! HERE WE
COME A THOUSAND MILES BY
TRAIN, BUS, AND A SARDINE
CAN ON WHEELS AND WE
END UP ON CORNS AND
CALLUSES IN NO-MAN'S LAND!

WELL, WE'D
BETTER GET
STARTED, UNCLE
JIM TOLD US
BEFORE HE LEFT
TWO WEEKS AGO
TO MEET HIM IN
TOMASO. AND IT'S
TOMASO OR BUST



BUST IT WILL
PROBABLY BE WHAT'D
UNCLE JIM HAVE TO
COME WAY OUT HERE
ANYWAY?

WE HAD TO TEST
A NEW METAL FOR
CORROSIVENESS AND
THE SALT CONTENT
IN THE AIR MAKES
TOMASO PERFECT.
BUT HE SAID THIS
WOULD BE A
VACATION FOR US.



LATER...

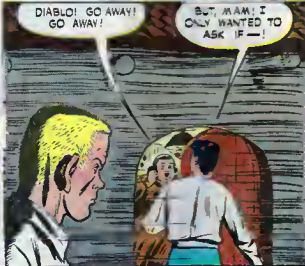
IF WE WALK ANOTHER
STEP, IT'S TO MY BURIAL
GROUNDS! HOW CAN WE
END ANYTHING IN THIS
'PEA-SOUP' ANYWAY?

I THINK WE
HAVE! THOSE DARK
OUTLINES ARE
BUILDINGS. I'LL
TRY ONE OF THE
DOORS.



DIABLO! GO AWAY!
GO AWAY!

BUT, MAM! I
ONLY WANTED TO
ASK IF—!



DID YOU SEE
THAT LOOK OF
TERROR ON
HER FACE?

LOOK, BILLY! IT'S THE
TOMASO HOTEL OVER
HERE! THAT'S WHERE UNCLE
JIM SAID HE'D BE
REGISTERED!

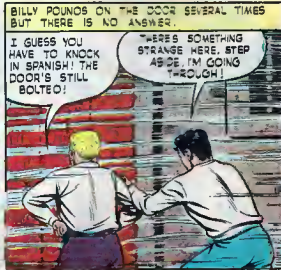
TOMASO
HOTEL

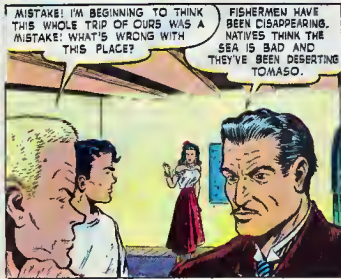
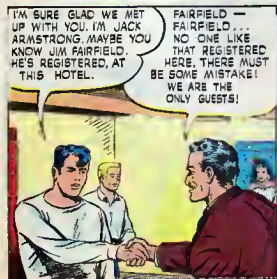


BILLY POUNDS ON THE DOOR SEVERAL TIMES
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.

I GUESS YOU
HAVE TO KNOCK
IN SPANISH! THE
DOOR'S STILL
BOLTED!

THERE'S SOMETHING
STRANGE HERE, STEP
ASIDE, I'M GOING
T-ROUGH!





I MIGHT SUGGEST YOU OCCUPY THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE AND GET SOME REST. TOMORROW YOU CAN FIND OUT— EH, MR. ARMSTRONG, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



GET AWAY, CONCHITA, YOU FEEBLE-MINDED WRETCH! MUST YOU ANNOY EVERYONE WITH YOUR TALK OF EVIL SPIRITS LIKE ALL THE REST!



SAY, MR. FRENNES I LEARNED A LITTLE SEISMOLOGY IN SCHOOL, AND I JUST WONDERED HOW IS THE EARTH'S CRUST HERE BENEATH THE LONGITUDINOUS SEA-BOTTOM STRIATIONS?

WHY UH NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THEM.



AND A MOMENT AFTER MR. FRENNES SHOWS JACK AND BILLY TO THEIR ROOM...

WHO EVER SAID THAT MAN'S POSTURE WAS MEANT FOR WALKING? I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK. SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JACK?

THAT GIRL DOWNSTAIRS STARTED TO SAY SOMETHING AND I DON'T THINK IT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH EVIL SPIRITS! I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



JACK SEARCHES EVERYWHERE TO NO AVAIL, AND THEN IN THE LOBBY...

WE HAVE LOOKED FOR CONCHITA EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT IN THE TWO GUEST ROOMS I TELL YOU SHE IS GONE!

OH! MY POOR LITTLE GIRL!



SHE'S GONE AND THEY HAVEN'T LOOKED IN THE GUEST ROOMS, AND WE AND FRENNES AND HIS PARTNERS ARE THE ONLY GUESTS! I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK!



AND IN A MOMENT...

UH-OH! CONCHITA ISN'T HERE
BUT THAT EQUIPMENT PUTS A NEW
SLANT ON THIS MYSTERY! NOW
TO WAKE BILLY!



IN A FLASH, JACK WAKES BILLY AND...

AHHH! JUST WHEN I WAS
STARTING MY FORTY WINKS
YOU WAKE ME! BUT HOW
DO YOU KNOW FRENNE'S
IS A PHONY, JACK!

BECAUSE I ASKED HIM
A PHONY QUESTION ON
SEISMOLOGY... AND HE
GAVE ME THE WRONG
ANSWER! AND THAT
EQUIPMENT IN HIS ROOM
HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH
EARTH TREMORS.



WHERE ARE
WE HEADED
FOR NOW?

WHERE NO ONE
ELSE DARES GO...
DOWN TO THE
PIER OF THE
TOMASO SEA!



SOON...

DO YOU FEEL
THOSE TREMORS
VIBRATING BENEATH
OUR FEET, BILLY?

SURE, JACK,
BUT THAT'S
WHY FRENNE'S
SAID HE WAS
HERE, TO
INVESTIGATE
THEM AS A
SEIS—SEISMA—
WHATCHA-CALL-IT!



BUT THESE VIBRATIONS
SEEM TO GET STRONGER
IN THE DIRECTION OF THE
SEA. STEP INTO THIS DINGHY
AND WE'LL DO A LITTLE
INVESTIGATING OF OUR OWN!

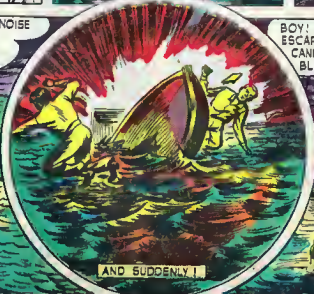


LET'S MAKE AS LITTLE NOISE
AS POSSIBLE. I HAVE A
HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO
RUN INTO TROUBLE!



BOY! THAT WAS A NARROW
ESCAPE! MUST HAVE BEEN
CANNON SHOT WITH A
BLAST LIKE THAT.

BILLY, LOOK! JUST
AS I FIGURED, OIL
DRILLING EQUIPMENT.
AND THERE'S A MAN
WITH A DIVING SUIT.
I THINK WE'LL
JUST BORROW
THAT...



AND SUDDENLY!



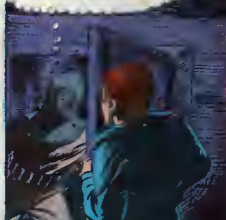


DONNING THE DIVING SUIT, JACK DESCENDS TO INVESTIGATE...

GOSH! THE BOTTOM'S ALL LIT UP LIKE—LIKE A SUBMARINE CITY. THE SUBS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN WELDED TOGETHER AT THE ENDS!



THE GUARD'S LETTING ME IN HE THINKS I'M ONE OF THEM NOW IF I CAN JUST STASH THIS IRON SUIT SOMEPLACE!



COME WEETH ME, I KNOW
WHERE IS YOUR MEESTER
FAIRFIELD. I WANTED TO
TELL YOU BEFORE HE WAS
AT THE HOTEL BUT
MR. FRENNES, HE....

I KNOW,
I KNOW,
CONCHITA.
BUT NOW, FAST,
LEAD THE WAY
TO UNCLE JIM!

THERE! THERE
HE IS!

AND THERE IS FRENNES
JUST LEAVING WITH SOMEONE
WHO'S PROBABLY HIS PARTNER!

JACK HOW DID
YOU EVER...?

LATER UNCLE JIM, RIGHT
NOW I WANT TO FIND
OUT WHAT THOSE TWO
ARE UP TO. CONCHITA
WILL UNTIE YOU!

I'LL HAVE TO DO
THIS FAST BEFORE
THEY CAN CALL FOR
HELP OVER THAT
SIGNAL APPARATUS

— AND AS SOON AS WE'VE
PUMPED ALL THE OIL OVER TO
THE FREIGHTERS WE'LL
SURFACE ALL SUBS AND
TAKE OFF!

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT OUGHT
TO HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!

YOU'VE GOT US FOR
THE MOMENT, BUT
WHAT CAN YOU DO?

HMMM...THIS IS A
SUB AND THAT STUFF
IS SENDING
EQUIPMENT...

THIS IS THE BOSS TALKING. MEN, FREE
ALL PRISONERS AND SURFACE ALL SUBS!
OIL JOB COMPLETED!

WAIT—
NO!

SOON THE SEA IS A WHIRLING MAELSTROM OF
EMERGING EQUIPMENT...

WE ARE FREE!

LET US FINISH OFF
THESE SCAVENGERS OF
OUR TOMASO SEA!

THE MEN OF TOMASO VANQUISH THEIR
TORMENTORS... AND SHORTLY AFTER...

BUT WHY DID THEY
PRETEND TO BE
SEISMOLOGISTS,
JACK?

WELL, UNCLE JIM, IF
ANYONE GOT CURIOUS
ABOUT THE DRILLING
VIBRATIONS, T-HEY COULD
EXPLAIN IT WAS EARTH
TREMORS AND GET
AWAY WITH IT!

THEY DRILLED AT NIGHT
AND SINCE THE FISHERMEN
WORKED AT NIGHT, THEY
CAPTURED THEM SO
THEY WOULDN'T REVEAL
THEIR SECRET!

THEY GOT
ME AT NIGHT,
TOO, JACK! SAY—
WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO BILLY?

HE JUST SLEPT THROUGH
THE WHOLE THING!

DESPERATE MISSION

DURING THE WAR OF 1812 LAURA SECORD UNDERTOOK A DANGEROUS MISSION THROUGH THE WILDS OF CANADA.



IN JUNE, 1813, AMERICAN TROOPS OCCUPIED THE SECORD HOME IN QUEENSTON, CANADA. LAURA'S HUSBAND, JIM, HAD BEEN WOUNDED SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE. ONE NIGHT...

JIM, THE AMERICANS ARE PLANNING AN ATTACK ON THE FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT AT BEAVER DAM.

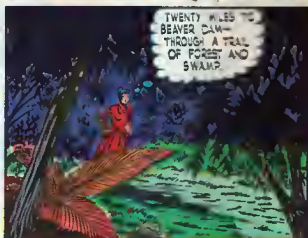
RIGHT—WE'LL SURPRISE THEM, AND WIPE THEM OUT!



AND I'M HELPLESS—IF THERE WERE SOME WAY TO WARN LT. FITZGIBBON AND HIS MEN.

I'LL GO! I'LL TRY TO GET TO BEAVER DAM!







...BETTER RUN. MY
SHOE—THIS SWAMP
MUCK IS THICK!



SNAKES!



UGLY CREATURES!
GOT TO KEEP
GOING.



LATER...

I'M HOT AND
TIRED.



HOPE MY STRENGTH
AND LUCK HOLD OUT.
LT. FITZGIBBON CAN'T
BE CAUGHT OFF
GUARD.

HO—
A SQUAW.



NO IT IS WHITE
WOMAN! SHE
STUMBLES THROUGH
FOREST.

WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE
WOMAN!



I'VE LOST! I'M
TO BE CAPTURED
BY INDIANS! I
TRIED TO REACH
BEAVER DAM—
TO WARN
FITZGIBBON.

VIC HARDY'S

CRIME CLUES

a mystery for
YOU to solve!



My guide told me of the increasing number of hunting accidents. He said there ought to be a law compelling every hunter to wear a red hat and shirt.



A stranger approached. He asked us to come with him to his camp. He said he had killed his partner by mistake. We at once went with him.



We travelled a mile to the camp and found the dead man there. His partner said he had carried his friend there from the scene of the accident.



The hunter said they had separated in the morning. In the afternoon he thought he had spotted a deer and fired. Then he discovered he had killed his friend.



I removed the shirt from the body and examined it very carefully. The Hunter said: Had my friend only worn a red shirt this could never have happened.

How did I know the hunter had murdered his friend?

SOLUTION

Because there wasn't a bullet hole in any part of the shirt. Hence the hunter must have killed his friend near camp while he was dressing or wearing another shirt, and then put this shirt on the dead man.

Confronted with this deduction the man confessed: He had been stealing furs from the company where they both worked. He had made earlier on his hide-out. With him out of the way, the hunter for the loss would fall on a dead man unable to defend himself.

The strangest part of the story is that we later found a red hunting shirt among the possessions of the dead man. But the hunter figured if he used the red shirt, no one would notice the story that the shooting had been an accident.

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THERE GOES ANOTHER HIT
... A SINGLE FOR MILLER!
KILDUFF'S PULLING UP
AT SECOND.

WOW—IT'S A
RALLY! BROOKLYN
CAN STILL TAKE
THIS GAME!

NEXT BATTER WAS CLARENCE MITCHELL,
DODGER PITCHER.

ANOTHER DRIVE...
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER
CLEAN HIT!

RUN...
RUN!

BUT CLEVELAND
SECOND-
BASEMAN
WAMBSGANS
LEAPED
HIGH INTO
THE AIR,
AND...

GOT
IT!

HE CAUGHT
IT... BATTER'S
OUT!

IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND...

OUT AT SECOND
... DOUBLE
PLAY!

AND TURNING ...

ANOTHER OUT!
IT'S AN UNASSISTED
TRIPLE PLAY FOR
WAMBSGANS!

THIS HISTORIC
SPLIT-SECOND
FEAT BROKE THE
BACK OF THE
BROOKLYN RALLY.
THE INDIANS WENT
ON TO WIN THE
GAME... AND THE
WORLD SERIES!

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